

THE NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

Bernhardt's Portrayal of the Hussies of History—Theodora a Marvel of Unheroic Selfishness and Wanton Lust—Sarah's Pagan Talent—More Womanliness Wanted Nowadays in Everything—Why Go to the Sixth Century for a Moral Chestnut When the Police Court is Handier?—Wanted: A Dramatist.

Bernhardt can portray the hussies of history with a close attention to details that sometimes makes history sick.

Theodora is almost the worst of them. And Bernhardt makes her a marvel of unheroic selfishness and wanton lust.

It is a pagan picture valuable only in its betrayal of the woman of the sixth century—and about the worst woman that the century produced.

In this sense it is not a noble play—but it is dramatically a powerful one.

Bernhardt's, it is to be noted, is, at its best, a pagan talent. If we call it Grecian we shall not soften it. It leans, like all pagan art, to the fatality side of events and the vicious side of character.

Pagan art was masculine. Even Lessing acknowledges that. Its type of woman was an amazon or a voluptuous animal.

The ideal of womanhood that obtains in the Nineteenth century in Christian countries did not exist before the Christian era. The world worshipped power, strength, endurance, resistance, and admired a beautiful body.

Chastity, meekness, humility, long suffering, forgiveness, tenderness, now known to be feminine qualities, were not incarnated for the world in a hellenic master.

Fancy Bernhardt trying to portray for us the undramatic splendor of the new ideal.

I doubt if she can be tender without being tigerish. Even her Frou-Frou has a dash of Cleopatra in it, without a ray of Cleopatra's beauty. Try and picture her dying under a wrong with a forgiving spirit—conceive of her understanding that the greatest reach of heroism is to take, not to give a blow. Her art—the best of it clings to the revenge, the despair and the fatalism of a bygone condition of man.

But, all the same, it is great art. Not so great as some women will yet show us, who shall reveal to us those pure and lofty heights of feminine love that womanhood alone can reach.

What we especially want nowadays is more womanliness in everything—not alone in the drama. French art delights in showing us the perverted woman or the undeveloped woman. Camilles or Frou-Frous always. It is so much easier to be dramatic on the morbid side than it is to be heroic on the virtuous and healthy side. There is no sensation in your wholesome, upright fellow. For melodramatics a Jesse James is more picturesque than a Jessie Rural, and a Dick Turpin more stirring than a Whitfield.

Uneventful fidelity and loyalty cannot make a situation—but, Heaven be praised, they make Heaven.

Theodora left a bad impression on me, difficult to define. I don't think any of us who know anything want to go backwards even in fancy to the time the race was one half slaves and the other half monsters. The air of the Roman circus smites the intelligent sensibilities of the modern man with a withering horror, and Theodora in our day would be sent to Blackwell's Island where she belongs.

But this is preaching. I did not mean to fall into it when I began. I had it in my mind to say that until Bernhardt played Theodora we had no conception of what could be done with the Pagan romanticism and it was presented to us before Bernhardt came. Now we can see what Bohemianism results in when a woman has her own way. Theodora is a jade who sets out to make her womanly craft win the best and highest prizes in the market. Women do that every day. She sacrifices everything to captivate an Emperor. She then loves another man and commits murder on his account. Her reward is the scorn of the man she loves and the hatred of the man who loves her.

It is a moral chestnut, if I may be permitted to say so.

We don't have to go to the Sixth century for it. The police court is handier.

Let me mention a curious fact here—it may have escaped your attention—progressive histrionism retrogrades for its themes. An actor

who is new in his work is nearly always old in his dramas.

In other words the drama is developed along the line of action, not along the line of thought. Your Rachels, your Salvinis, your Booths take the old repertoire. The new isn't strong enough.

Bernhardt can thrill us with a Theodora, but she couldn't move us with Jeanne d'Arc.

I was talking the other day with that exceedingly clever writer, Guy Carleton, who showed me on his wall a photograph of one of the Pharaohs taken from a well-preserved mummy. He had written a remarkable poem about it in this month's *Atlantic*, and caught the whole spirit of it.

The picture haunted me for nights. Never have I seen a human face on which voluptuous cruelty had so indelibly set its seal. You feel while you look at it that that grim delight so marvellously preserved, was evolved from

which will bring its bubbling benison to a million lips.

Who will interpret the Nineteenth century for us on the stage? Dumas *fit* has come the nearest to it. Camille is the most modern of plays. He put his finger there on the sore spot in the relation of the sexes. Why will not somebody give us the normal condition?

Where is the dramatist who can paint the conflict of civilization and barbarism that still goes on? Where is the bold hand to make the cartoon that shall represent the dignity and nobility of labor; who can touch with heroism the great issue of woman's enfranchisement?

Not Bronson Howard, surely. That great American dramatist is rolling sugar plums. Not Augustin Daly, for that American stage-wright is making Shakespearean furniture. Not Edgar Fawcett, for that industrious worker is painting water-color studies of society. Not Carleton, for he has his archaic eye

We keep on building theatres. Who will build a dramatist?

Bernhardt, like all the other intelligent foreigners who come here, is amazed at the throbbing intensity of our national condition.

Mr. Huxley said in my presence that he was struck with the instantaneous response of the masses to every great thought and emotion.

Bernhardt said: "The Americans appear to live closer against great events than anybody else. They wear an anxious look as if the importance of the hour troubled them." Modjeska once said something similar to me. "Americans," she remarked, "make one feel ashamed when she gets here of having done so little."

But I have run away again from the present myself. We are all wed to the trivial, and I no less than the rest. We tug at our rope, but

the arms of my friends I shouted to McKenna: "What did you do with Phillips. He had a benefit." Then Stanley hid himself in the crowd. Has anybody heard of all the fellows who had benefits. Isn't it time that Stanley McKenna should be made to account for them?

I wish that you could come 'with me to my barn yard. You wouldn't be wasting your time talking about theatricals. There isn't an animal on the place that doesn't know Easter is coming. The very cackles on the maples are swollen with expectation. The blue birds have been back a fortnight. There are patches of bright blue sky between the gusty clouds. The sap is running in all the trees. A yellow dandelion crept out from the snow yesterday and laughed at me with a golden glist.

Presently the sun will grow warm, and then the long Winter is over. Are you glad, tired workers. You must be. It has been a weary season to hundreds of you in this bleak and changeable latitude. When the lilacs bloom again in the door yard you will begin to straggle back? There's promise of rest in the coming Summer. You shall hear the surf murmur and the wild grasses rustle. Come home, poor toiler, as soon as the air is warm. I await you.

NYM CRINKLE.

Brander Matthews' Works.

Brander Matthews is a novelist and magazine writer, who has lately turned his attention almost entirely to dramatic work. To a *Mirror* reporter, who met him the other day, he stated that his labors were meeting with reward.

"One of my latest efforts, written in conjunction with George H. Jessop, is entitled *A Gold Mine*, and it will be produced by John T. Raymond this coming Friday night, April 1, at Memphis," he said, "and after that it will be produced on May 16 at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and then be presented in this city when Mr. Raymond opens his season at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in the Autumn."

"You must understand that this play is not taken by Mr. Raymond through any non-success of Mr. Lloyd's play, *The Woman-Hater*. The actor is simply adding to his repertoire. It is a new departure for the comedian in that it is a comedy and not a farce. Neither is it a one-part play. In fact it is more of a piece for a stock company. It is in three acts, and the scenes are laid in London, all of the characters being English but the one that Mr. Raymond is called upon to play. That is the character of an American named Silas K. Wolcott, who has gone over there to sell a gold-mine. He sells the property, takes the money, and uses it to get a nephew who has fallen in love, out of a scrape, and then marries the woman. The play ends happily—he gets his gold mine back. Mr. Raymond has one little pathetic scene in the play."

"I have also written a little one-act play called *'This Picture and That.'* It is a love-story of the war, and will be played by Mrs. Denison (known to the stage as Mathilde Madison), Harry Edwards and some other professional—I don't know who—at a matinee at the Lyceum Theatre on April 15 for a charity. On the same occasion a play by Mrs. Burton Harrison, *Two Strings to Her Bow*, will be presented by amateurs. Mr. Palmer will present *My Marjorie's Lovers* both in Boston and Chicago during his Summer season."

The Actors' Fund.

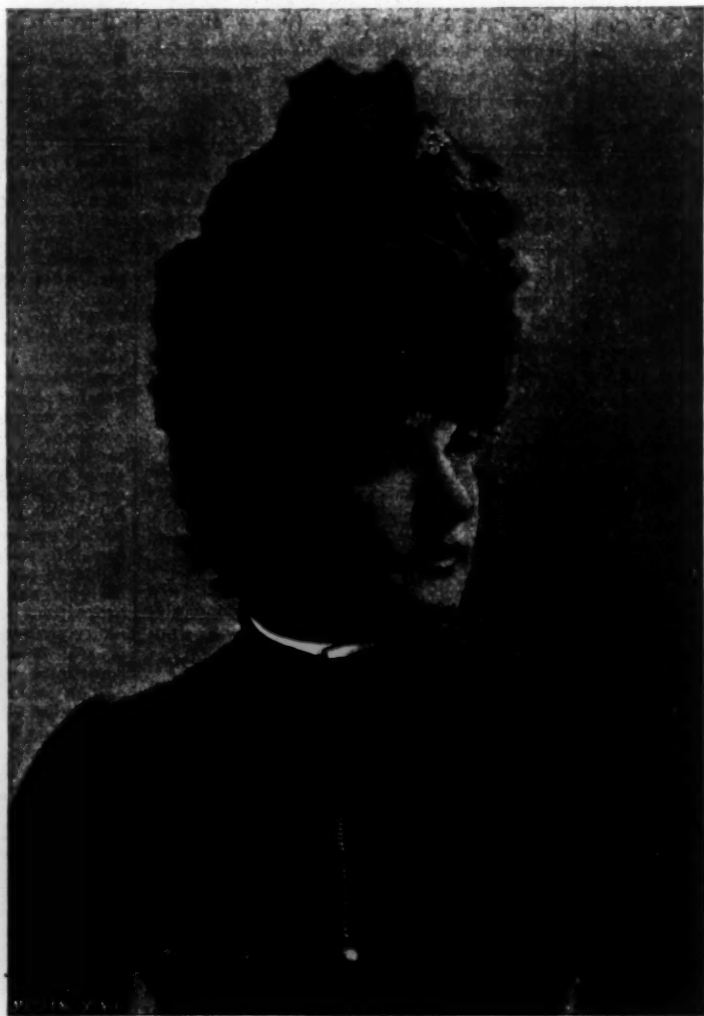
Last week the Executive Committee considered five new applications for relief—all favorably. Four more will be brought before the committee at their meeting to-day.

Expended for relief last week \$221.50, which includes one funeral.

New members and annual dues paid in: Ada Jones, Charles Heywood, Quincy Kilby, Sam Hemple, Edward H. Banker, Emily Maynard, Gus Williams, Cyril Scott, Helen Leigh, Edward H. Marsden, Edward J. Nugent, Dolly Sharp, Jerry Taylor, Thomas Barry, Lizzie Ingles (two years), Ardenne Foster, R. Pope Cook, E. Murray Day, Dan Oaklev, Charles H. Hicks, Ruth Cowles, Charles Howard, William Shakespeare Watkins and Edwin Browne.

Fred Rullman has donated \$24 the amount realized by the sale of 109 librettos at the Bernhardt professional matinee last Thursday.

Joseph Arthur is reported to be the author of *The Sun Alarm*, the local drama to be produced at Noble's Garden in April.



ANNIE PIXLEY.

human suffering. You know that the face contemplated a million slaves lying down in blood and toil to die for his indulgence.

And Carleton has written two Egyptian dramas, both noble examples of literary skill. One I believe was bought by Henry Irving.

But I question if the unscholarly public would care for them. It has a rigorous contempt for the Pharaohs and the Theodoras. In an age when the meanest toiler can stand up and assert his individuality with the consciousness that the whole of Christendom will back him, your old-school monsters will have but little show.

I could never stand like some of my countrymen at the foot of Cheops and blubber over the majesty of stones piled up by tyranny. There is to me a greater thrill of admiration in the new Croton Aqueduct which would make three Cheops, hidden there in the earth, but

fixed on Egypt and overlooks the present entirely.

When I see young actors like Salvini standing round, a continual defiance to somebody to write a good heroic and timely play, I wonder. When I see a wealthy, ambitious and clever artist like Dauvray begging for an original drama in which there shall be an American heroine, I smile. When I see Mr. A. M. Palmer throw his house open to the dramatists and issue a general invitation, I am surprised at the feebleness of the results.

Don't understand me as disparaging the young workers. Most of them who have put their foot on Mr. Palmer's threshold are clever men. But they have not laid hold of salient and worthy material—that's all. They lean more to culture than to life, and what the stage wants at this moment is the palpitating life of our day interpreted.

are invariably hauled up. *THE MIRROR* is tugging at me now.

It wants me to say something, I suppose, about *The Dominic's Daughter*.

I'm afraid *The Dominic's Daughter* will not stay. It lacks grip. Red coats are pretty. But the story is weak. Wallack is famous for weak stories whenever he tries the American thing. *The Dominic's Daughter* reminds me of the architecture of Wallack's Theatre. The next time you go up Broadway take a look at the front.

Ruddygore has settled into a comatose condition. I still insist that it is musically too good. The worst thing that can be said about it is that nothing is said about it. Except the untruth that the business is good.

I met Stanley McKenna yesterday on Broadway. He rushed upon me and wanted to know if I didn't want a benefit. I called for help and was rescued. As soon as I was safe in

At the Theatres.

STAR THEATRE—THEODORA.

Andreas..... M. Philippe-Garnier
Justine..... M. Decori
Marcellus..... M. Angelo
Antonine..... Mme. Resard
Tamara..... Sarah Bernhardt
Theodora..... Sarah Bernhardt

Sardon's famous series of Doras is a descending scale in the painful. As he tacks on his successive syllables he strikes ever harsher notes of terror; from the glittering to the grisly is just three steps. Dora, pure and simple, is a brilliant high comedy; Fedora, an intense melodrama, and Theodora a nightmare. From such a performance as that of Monday the auditor comes away with a sort of delighted surprise to find himself yet of the living, and to feel his head still in its usual place. With Theodora's eyes still gleaming baleful before his imagination, he feels a momentary shyness at inviting his smiling best girl to the usual post-theatrical cyster, lest she drop a potion in his beer or insert a stiletto beneath his fifth rib as he pulls on his overcoat. In any case it is a relief to issue from such a mephitic atmosphere of headmen and torture-chambers, of philters and daggers and bow-strings, into the bright, frosty air of Union Square, and feel with a throb of thankfulness that modern New York is not medieval Byzantium.

Yet blood-curdling as it may be, the piece is tremendously dramatic. With due allowance for the condensation and exaggerated foreshortening of the stage, it is reasonably true to historical fact. Slight study of Gibbon or Merivale suffices to show that Theodora is but a condensed sample of the nameless horrors of the Hippodrome and the Palace in the Lower Empire.

The story is too familiar to our public through English adaptations to need more than brief review. Justinian's queen, true to her Bohemian instincts, has a way of prowling about the streets, haunting the Hippodrome, the scene of her earlier stage success, and picking up any temporary adorer who may fall in her way. With one such, the young Athenian, Andreas, she falls deeply in love, till the otherwise strong, vicious nature of the woman is softened and subdued to this one consuming passion. Learning from him of the plot against the Emperor, she protects her lover's escape, while she baffles the plotters and slays the captured Marcellus to ensure his silence. When Andreas is hailed into the royal presence for his insult to the Empress, she gauges him with her scarf and secures his removal to a dungeon, where she visits him and vainly hopes to heal and save him. Baffled by the poisoner Tamara, she flings herself in despair on her lover's body and welcomes the bowstring and the executioner sent by her vengeful husband.

The essential feature of the role of Theodora is its contrast between the conflicting elements in her most complex character. On the one hand the actress, the Bohemian and the harlot, though veiled by the jeweled robes of the Empress; on the other, the passionate intensity of womanly feeling, with its heights and depths of a loving self-devotion which go far to condense an otherwise vicious nature. In such sharp and almost incongruous contrasts the French comedienne especially delights, and they offer a field for one of Bernhardt's strongest qualities, her electric vehemence and rapidity in speech and action, her wonderful facial power, and the weird tones of her singular voice.

It is rare to find a spice of high comedy in sheer melodrama, but in the scene with Justinian, where the Empress throws off her burdensome dignity and rails at her miserable husband in good plain street slang, there was wonderful comedy power in her cool insolence and affected *bonhomie*. Still stronger, though in the line with which she has made us familiar, was the horror and repulsion with which she struggles with the suggestion of killing Marcellus to save him from torture and disclosure. Again, in the scene where she urges Andreas to remain away from the theatre lest he detect her identity, Bernhardt displayed that singular power so remarkable in view of her force in the darker shades of character—her personal fascination. The longing, yearning tenderness, the pleading tones of her voice, the coaxing, cooling softness of word and feature and gesture so transform the woman that her angular lines and harsh features melt and blend into a fine total—not beauty certainly but something higher and more potent. And finally, in the last act, even Bernhardt's facial power can hardly show anything finer than the stony horror of her features in recognizing (that Andreas is dead, and the shifting struggle—read as clearly as words could paint it—between her instinctive repulsion at the executioner and his fatal cord and her weary longing to be done with suffering and life at once. It is the fashion to speak of Bernhardt as an actress of method rather than genius. It is, and always must be a difficult question how far one can replace the other. Whether this ever can be done at all is a matter for grave doubt. After watching Bernhardt's face during these last awful five minutes, it would be interesting to see Mr. Sargent's promising young people, at their next professional matinee, wrestling with a similar problem.

Time and space forbid any minute analysis just here of Sardon's drama, but one feature of sly-humor on the author's part seems hitherto to have escaped notice. While the Merovingian Paris was but a cluster of hovels on a

mud-bank in the Seine, the inherent tendencies of the Parisian seems to have stirred and bloomed. The stray visitor from the Boulevard of the period, signalizes his arrival at the Byzantine Court by addressing himself directly to his dearest duty—the "mashing" of all the court beauties who come within range.

While all the support was reasonably good, Philippe-Garnier did excellent work as Andreas. It has steadily been the opinion of THE MIRROR that this young actor, in spite of some limitation of coldness and hardness of method, was really good and effective. There is an odd, contained manliness and energy in his manner which is the more impressive that he never rants, but on occasion shows real fire and intensity. Witness his fine outburst on learning of Theodora's treachery, and his behavior in the scene in the Imperial box at the Hippodrome. With a little more mobility of feature M. Garnier would be a most efficient supporting artist.

WALLACE'S THEATRE—THE DOMINIE'S DAUGHTER.

Rev. John Van Derveer..... Harry Edwards
Captain Dyke..... Kyrie Bellew
Major Barton..... Herbert Kelcey
Hiram Brown..... Charles Groves
Lieutenant Robert Van Derveer..... Creston Clarke
Molly Van Derveer..... Annie Robe
Mrs. Kasia Beckman..... Mme. Ponsil
Dorothy Beckman..... Helen Russell
Ann Stryker..... Miss Blaisdell

This original American drama in four acts, by David D. Lloyd, was presented at Wallace's Theatre last Thursday. The scene is laid in New York City during the Summer of 1781. The British forces are in occupation, and although many of the inhabitants are on quite friendly terms with them, many have relations and friends in the Continental Army with whom their sympathies are entirely enlisted. The Dominie Van Derveer, a patriotic clergyman, has made himself obnoxious to the British by preaching sermons favoring the cause of the Colonists. Captain Dyke, a young English officer, who is in love with the dominie's daughter Molly, is quartered in the house, and notwithstanding his remonstrances, the old preacher persists in expounding his revolutionary doctrines. Molly's brother, who is a lieutenant in the American army, comes secretly to the house, and while there is surprised by Captain Dyke, who imagines he has either discovered a spy or a lover of Molly. He demands his surrender in the name of King George III., and the first act closes with a strong climax. Molly, of course, refuses to give him up, defies the Captain, and armed with a shot-gun guards the door of her bedroom into which her brother has fled.

Shortly after the villain of the piece, Major Barton, another British officer, who is hopelessly in love with Molly, appears. He comprehends the true situation of affairs, and through his machinations contrives to create a number of interesting entanglements, the unravelling of which forms the action of the succeeding scenes. The old clergyman is arrested for treason and is thrown into prison, and while there is stricken with a fever. Molly is prevented by the Major from seeing him, but eventually consents to accept him as a husband on his agreeing to release her father.

The Major redeems himself however by a surprisingly generous and unlooked for act. Just as he and Molly are about to be wedded in the rustic church in Chatham street he is confronted by Captain Dyke. Molly faints, and the Major suddenly stricken with remorse hands her over to her chosen lover, Captain Dyke, and the play closes with the arrival of the news of the surrender of Cornwallis and all ends happily.

On the whole the play is a pleasing one and contains much to commend it and but little to condemn. The climaxes are strong, particularly in the last two acts. What is intended for a vein of comedy, however, and which runs through the first three acts, is somewhat dreary and monotonous, and some of the patriotic sentiments expressed appeared trite and commonplace.

Miss Robe, as Molly, looked very pretty and gave a careful portrayal of the role assigned her; dividing the honors with Mme. Ponsil, who gave an excellent impersonation of an old Knickerbocker matron. Kyrie Bellew, as the young English officer, did not give a very satisfactory performance, but his appearance was graceful and his poses elegant. Herbert Kelcey made a manly looking soldier, and although the part called for a very mild type of the stage villain, his performance was effective and to the point. Charles Groves, as Hiram Brown, played the comedy part and scored a hit.

The performance of Harry Edwards as the Dominie was well received and his frequent outbursts of patriotic sentiments caused much applause. One disappointing feature in the piece was the insignificant part played by the American lieutenant. He appeared as a fugitive in the first act; was hurried into his sister's bedroom and concealed, only to be discovered and driven away by the British officers. In the next act he is found lurking in the cellar of a church, from which he is dragged out by two burly English soldiers, after which nothing is heard of him except a few remote allusions to his doings in Virginia.

The scenery was very beautiful, especially the church in the midst of rural surroundings.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers appeared as Elizabeth in Giacometti's drama at the People's on Monday night. Her characterization is singularly powerful, amounting to a lifelike representation of Henry VIII's great daughter as the history of her stirring times depict her.

An amusing incident occurred during the scene which shows Elizabeth in agonies of distress on the death of Essex, which might have disconcerted most artists but only served to illustrate Mrs. Bowers' ready command and artistic sense. In the most pathetic portion of the scene the cat of the theatre strayed on to the stage and squatted under a chair in a manner which excited the continuous laughter of the audience. Mrs. Bowers, in order to discover what was the matter, simply turned and went up stage continuing her soliloquy. On reaching the chair she seized it as it to support herself, thus disturbing pussy, and all this as if she were unconscious of anything but the highly dramatic business of the moment. Her whole performance was full of fine points and excited the enthusiastic applause of the audience. She was repeatedly called after each act. Joseph Wheelock as Robert, Earl of Essex, appeared to great advantage, rising to impassioned force in the quarrel with the Queen. Alberta Gallatin came on very spiritedly in the small part of Margaret Lamburn, and in her black male attire certainly looked *biens chic*. Esther Lyon acted Lady Sarah Howard fairly well. The piece was well staged and costumed.

Miss Davenport is playing a great engagement at the Grand Opera House. On Monday she acted Fedora to a crowded and appreciative gathering. It may be heretical, but it is none the less just to say that many careful observers prefer Miss Davenport's portrayal of the Princess to Bernhardt's. It is certainly more consistent, lucid, direct and dramatic. In these qualities it makes up for the absence of that singular magnetic personality that is the fortunate possession of the French actress. The company, especially Miss Lytton and Mr. Barnes, the Countess and Loris respectively, lent adequate support. On Tuesday evening Miss Davenport acted Pauline in The Lady of Lyons, giving a very clean-cut representation of the role and looking exceedingly handsome. Mr. Barnes' Claude was stiff and unsympathetic, and the support generally was not so good as in Fedora. During the week these pieces, The School for Scandal and Miss Davenport's double bill, London Assurance and Oliver Twist, will be given. Next week, Frederic Bryton in Forgiven.

Pauline Markham opened at the Third Avenue on Monday in the New Magdalen, supported by Randolph Murray and a well-balanced company. Miss Markham as Mercy Merrick looked handsome and acted the part discreetly receiving considerable applause from a well-filled house. Randolph Murray, as Julian Gray, was excellent. Meroe Charles, in the part of Grace Roseberry, received a good deal of well earned applause. Lizzie Gale, W. J. Cooney and the rest of the company were all that could be desired in their respective parts. The Lady of Lyons and The Ticket of Leave Man will fill out the week. Next Monday Ben Maginley in May Blossom.

Robert Downing appeared as Spartacus at Niblo's before a small house on Monday night. His lusty performance seemed to give unqualified pleasure to the spectators, while the efforts of his supporting company were received with manifestations of satisfaction. A Tin Soldier on Monday next.

Genevieve Ward began what is announced to be her farewell engagement on Monday night at the Windsor in Forget-Me-Not. Miss Ward's admirable performance of Stephanie has been so frequently reviewed that there is nothing new left to say of it. The accomplished artist was enthusiastically received.

Agnes Herndon is still appearing in The Commercial Tourist's Bride at the Union Square, the expected production of A Remarkable Woman having been deferred. Miss Herndon's stay has been more successful than was anticipated, hence its prolongation.

The burlesques on Sarah B. and the circus are continued very hilariously at Dockstader's while Foster's sweet ballads and an old-fashioned sketch. The Mississippi Levee give a pleasant suggestion of the minstrelsy of long ago.

Waldalamar will give place at the Lyceum Theatre shortly to The Love Chase, a delightful comedy that has not been seen on the local stage in some time, and that will furnish Miss Damray with yet another opportunity to display her versatility. The piece will be dressed and set with the elegance and completeness for which Miss Damray has made the Lyceum stage noted during her career upon it.

The circus at Madison Square Garden draws two immense houses every day. On Monday night several changes were made in the programme, still further adding to its novelty and variety. The riding of Cordona and Fish, the nataratorial exploits of the Beckwiths and Forepaugh's elephants are the great features of the show.

Music, mirth and novelty are marked points in Tony Pastor's bill this week. Popular Treasurer Sanderson takes his annual benefit to-day (Thursday).

Jim the Penman will be acted at the Madison Square until the 1st of May. Two plays are under consideration for Authors' Matinees.

That of Peter Robinson has been put into rehearsal, but its production appears to be a matter of doubt.

The 100th representation of The Old Homestead at the Fourteenth Street Theatre approaches. Mr. Thompson will run the piece right along and into the Summer. Its success is not remarkable when the rare charm of the performance is considered.

"Have One With Me" Harrigan's song lately added to the various other vocal gems of McNooney's Visit has found a place among the main features of this thoroughly enjoyable performance.

The Musical Mirror.

Pauline L'Allemand did her best at last Saturday's matinee to spoil the pretty music of Martha by indifferent acting and careless, slovenly singing—touching her notes staccato instead of holding them, singing with the half-open instead of the full throat, and making her tones thin and wiry, not round and rich as they should be. Yet she is after all so good a singer, and the music is so charming in itself, that even this little fit of laziness or ill humor did not quite ruin the quartette. Bassett and Miss Davis were, vocally speaking, acceptable, and not much more. But the latter won some applause by her lively, humorous manners and acting in the role of the amiable spit-fire Nancy. Stoddard made a good Plunkett. He has a fine sonorous voice and honest, correct method. If to these qualities he could add a little more dramatic fire and breadth of style we should have little but praise for his work.

With the present week the company leave us for pastures new. The Spring season has been artistically and socially more than fairly successful. Even the would be fashionable reaction after the departure of the German Opera has not been sufficient to empty the boxes or largely impair the brilliance of the auditorium. The general interest attaching to the Nero production, in especial, has called out the gayer opera-goers in full numbers, and the house on these evenings has been as bright and attractive as on the memorable Walkure nights. It is frankly acknowledged that the company—as already indicated in these columns—has handsomely kept its word. As to what may be the summing up of the balance sheet, it does not fall within our province to speculate, but even some deficiency might be cheerfully borne, as honorable scars, in view of the liberality of apportionment which has characterized all these productions. All that care, taste and profusion could do in the matter of choral and orchestral work and staging has been done. The deficiency to be amended, as we may hope, before the Autumn reopening, lies in the soloists. As at present constituted the company counts two good *prima donne*, L'Allemand and Juch, both rather lyric than dramatic. The real *prima donna dramatica*, Pierson, is only measurably satisfactory; on a whole Winter hearing her auditors would probably pronounce her more than a little tedious. Van Zandt, as first contralto, is thoroughly unsatisfactory. With a strong singing voice, she sings distinctly ill, and has no charm of feature or person to counterbalance the capital fault. Miss Davis, with many pleasing qualities, is too uneven and incorrect to amply fill first-rate roles. The men are hardly better. Stoddard can scarcely be called a first-rate baritone, and Lee is a singer of rather limited proportions in every way, besides having a faulty method. Whitney, if a little ponderous, is still a sturdy concert singer, barring a sometimes wandering intonation. His ponderous *basso profundo* is so very deep and heavy that he is not often called on; when wanted, he is always up to his work.

Mr. Bassett, as hinted before, needs study and growth to make the most of his naturally sweet voice. Like many of the others he has rather primitive ideas as to what to do with his throat. As to Candidus, the MIRROR's opinion has been expressed repeatedly and candidly. Cato we know was in the habit of winding up his speeches with *defenda est Carthago*. On the same principle, the sincere friend of the National Opera company will be apt to cast this comment with a slight adaptation—*intendendus est Candidus*. If Artemus Ward's hornet, with his sting-machinery in good working order could clean out a camp meeting in five minutes, it is probable that Mr. Candidus by a judicious use of that catamount wall which he calls a tenor would need about the same time to empty the Opera House. Only the saving graces of his colleagues have hitherto stood in the way of that dreary consummation. But last and not least, it is pleasant to recall the fact that Ludwig is, operatically speaking, at least, a very fine fellow, so good that we shall take the liberty of occasionally insisting on that roughness of phrasing so apt to impair his otherwise excellent performance.

And so, dear Mr. Thomas, if in all the coasts of Teutonia or Columbia, and within the limits of the Company's funds, there could be found for next year a good dramatic contralto, a good *tenore robusto*, and a more acceptable dramatic soprano, we should welcome them thankfully, and look forward to the Autumn season with greater hope, though hardly with warmer sympathy and appreciation.

Emmet's New York Season.

J. K. Emmet closes his engagement at the Standard on Saturday night. In speaking of the change in his plans, Mr. Emmet recently said to a MIRROR reporter:

"I am returning to the road because it pays better than playing in New York. My original contract with the Standard Theatre was for four weeks. Monday a week ago I noticed Mr. Duff that I intended to close. The New York Lenten season is getting to be the worst of any city in the United States, and hereafter I shall shun the Metropolis during that time. There is not a theatre in the city that has not felt the effects of Lent, in spite of the fact that the city has such a great name for the cosmopolitan character of its population. The time is passed when I have to play in New York for reputation. I play here now for money.

When the receipts are not large I stop playing, for the simple reason that I can and do play to large business out of town. My plans for the future are as yet immature, except that I rest week of April 4 and reopen in Philadelphia on Easter Monday. I shall not produce any new plays in the near future. During the Summer I shall rest at my home in Albany."

CASINO. Broadway and 39th Street.

Mr. Rudolph Aronson, Manager.
Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.
50 Cents. ADMISSION 50 Cents.
Reserved seats, 50c and \$1 extra. Boxes, \$5, \$10, \$12.
The greatest Comic Opera success ever produced in America.

EKMINTIE.

Chorus of 40. Mr. Jesse Williams, Musical Director. Orchestra of 24.

Seats secured two weeks in advance.

14 TH STREET THEATRE. Corner 6th Ave.

Mr. J. W. Rosenquest, Sole Manager.
Every Evening and Saturday Matinee.
STANDING-ROOM ONLY.
Seats secured three weeks in advance.
A MAGNIFICENT PRODUCTION
"Its success was immediate and unqualified."—Sun, Jan. 11.
DENMAN THOMPSON,
in a successful continuation of Joshua Whitcomb,
THE OLD HOMESTEAD.
"One of the few substantial theatrical triumphs witnessed in New York in recent years."—Times, Jan. 11.
"Such gorgeousness in the way of scenery and stage-setting has seldom been seen in New York outside of Mr. Daly's Theatre."—Journal, Jan. 11.

BOJOU OPERA HOUSE. Broadway near 30th St.

Miss & Barton, Lessees and Managers.
March 31.
N. C. GOODWIN,
in the new American Opera by A. C. Wheeler and E. I. Darling, entitled
RIGPONY.
THE GENTLEMANLY SAVAGE.
Every evening at 8, and Saturday matinee at 2.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, Mr. John Stetson.
LAST WEEK BUT ONE.
OTHER ENGAGEMENTS PREVENTING A CONTINUANCE.
R. D'Oyly Carte's Opera Company from the Savoy Theatre, London,
In Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera,
RUDDYGORE;
Or, The Witch's Curse.
Cast excellent, music charming, dialogue sparkling, scenery beautiful, costumes magnificent.
Every Evening at 8. Matinee Saturday at 2.

WINDSOR THEATRE.

Bowery near Canal Street.
Frank B. Murtha, Sole Proprietor.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.
One week, commencing March 28,
Positively the last appearance in New York of
MISS GENEVIEVE WARD
and MR. W. H. VERNON
in
FORGET ME-NOT.
Scene—Rome. Time—Present.

DOCKSTADER'S, Broadway, bet. 28th and 29th Sts.

DOCKSTADER'S
MINSTRELS.
A Fresh Program Nightly,
at 8:30
BAY RUMS AND 4-CLAWS—4
Ethiopian Circus and Hippodrome
NEW FOSTER BALADS.
"Belle Brandon," "Katy Darling," "Singer in Blissful Repose."
SARAH HEARTBURN in CAMILLE.
On the Mississippi Levee.
Everybody gets a seat—50c, 75c, \$1.
Special Ladies and Children's Matinee on Saturday.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. T. H. French.
Reserved seats, orchestra circle and balcony, 50c.
Every Evening and Wednesday and Saturday Matinees.

FANNY DAVENPORT.

Thursday evening and Saturday matinee, FEDORA:
Friday, SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL; Saturday night,
LONDON ASSURANCE and OLIVER TWIST.
Next week—FREDERIC BRYTON in FORGIVEN.
Next Sunday evening—Prof. CROMWELL.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.

Mr. Edward Harrigan, Proprietor.
Mr. W. Hanley, Sole Manager.
Edward Harrigan's new play,
MCNOONEY'S VISIT.
EDWARD HARRIGAN as MARTIN MCNOONEY
assisted by his excellent company of local favorites.
Mr. Dave Brahan and his popular Orchestra.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

Mr. A. M. Palmer, Sole Manager.
Evenings at 8:30; Saturday Matinee at 2.
Sir Charles Young's remarkable play in four acts, entitled
JIM THE PENMAN.
Places secured one month in advance.

LYCEUM THEATRE. 4th Avenue and 23d Street.

Daniel Frohman, Manager.
Fourth Week. Continued Success.
HELEN DAUVRAY and her COMEDY COMPANY
in a new comedy-drama entitled
WALDA LAMAR.
WALDA LAMAR.
Under the management of W. R. HAYDEN.
Every Evening and Saturday Matinee.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

Under the management of J. M. HILL.
AGNES HERNDON
in
COMMERCIAL TOURIST'S BRIDE.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.
Performance begins at 8:30.

WALLACE'S THEATRE. Broadway and 30th St.

Mr. Lester Wallace, Sole Proprietor and Manager.
Thursday evening, March 24, first production of
AN ORIGINAL AMERICAN DRAMA,
By David D. Lloyd, Esq., entitled
THE DOMINIE'S DAUGHTER.
Presented with beautiful scenery and appointments and
a great cast.
Wednesday and Saturday matinee.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE, 14th Street.

Matinees Tuesday and Friday.
Good Seats. Grand Attraction this week.
BILLY BIRCH, the great Comedian.
25 Adams, Casey and Howard, Alma Don Janata,
cents Jas. B. Radcliffe, Gilmore Sisters, Harry
Brahan, Foreman and Meredith, Lora and Ruge.
Extra matinee Thursday—Benefit of H. S. Sanderson.

H. R. JACOBS' THIRD AVENUE THEATRE.

Regular Matinees Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.
PAULINE MARKHAM.
Presenting—Thursday evening, LADY OF LYONS.
Friday matinee and evening and Saturday matinee and
evening, TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.
April 4—BENJ. MAGINLEY in MAY BLOSSOM.

The Giddy Gusher.



Rich and rare have been the jewels old Mother Earth has given up. We paid her back in kind when Sunday last we laid Lizzie Weatherby Goodwin in her bosom. A woman like a diamond, unchanging and unchangeable, clear and bright; a woman like a pearl so pure and unassuming; a woman in whose eyes dwelt the sapphire, on whose truthful lips the ruby laid its hue, to whose clever head the gold that was in her heart crept up and lovingly lent its warmest tint.

It was utterly impossible to know Mrs. Goodwin and not love her. The first friends she made in this country stood in tears about her coffin. The last persons who came under her gentle influence in life were among her mourners. A nurse who had been but a few weeks with her said: "I knew her such a little while, but I loved her so much." And in the same instant I heard a lady say:

"No one can ever be to me like Lizzie. I have loved her fifteen years."

She never lost a friend and she made a friend of every one she met.

It's many a long year ago that she came to see me one morning, in company with Charles Foster, who was at that time setting New York by the ears with his strange and mysterious business.

Charley was an impetuous fellow and blurted out whatever he felt at the moment. Some envious person had been belittling a friend and Miss Weatherby checked his mouth.

"Why, what would you think if any one had said that of you?" persisted Foster.

"I should think I had unwittingly offended them very much. I should try to find out and repair the injury," replied the lady.

"But if it was a friend who thus maligned you?"

"Once a friend, always a friend," said Lizzie.

I looked on her sweet, true, enthusiastic face and echoed the sentence, whose long years of tried friendship proved the sincerity of.

Once a friend with Lizzie Goodwin was always a friend. No circumstances altered her; in good or evil, in sunshine or shadow, staunch and loyal, you could count on her and just what she would do. How many do we know of whom we can say that?

The world is full of fair weather friends; but the wet day was the one in which she came out best.

From the time that Foster introduced us to the bleak March Sunday when we left her literally buried in flowers at Woodlawn I have had but one sentiment for Mrs. Goodwin—she was a devoted sister and wife; she was an incomparable friend.

She got one sister after another over here, and last Fall her mother made the journey. A pretty home was secured. The family were all here save a brother and sister, who were married and had families to care for. Lizzie looked forward to greater comfort than she had ever known, for the sea she so often crossed no longer rolled between home and mother. She herself was luxuriously established in a beautiful apartment overlooking Central Park not a mile away from the Park Avenue home. It seems as if people always make greater preparations to live just before they die than ever before—for the first time she was keeping house in New York; for the first time she had all her loved ones with her; Nat intended to stay permanently in the city and Lizzie was supremely happy.

But just as she got settled in her charming house came the dreadful illness which she bore like a hero. For months she suffered untold agony; then came the dread alternative of a surgical operation that had few chances or an inevitably immediate death. Poor woman. With a nerve few of us possess she made her choice and began her preparations in a way that showed how little hope she had. She wrote her farewell letters. She expressed her last wishes, and with a prayer for those she so dearly loved resigned herself to the fatal operation. She never rallied, and but for an instant recovered consciousness; in the afternoon as Nat bent over her and kissed her—the eyelids fluttered and she said, "My darling." The pulse grew stronger, the big true, loving heart struggled to resume its action, and the doctors felt encouraged. But, perhaps, poor, tired soul, half in, half out the gates of death, with clearer sight than ours, she saw both sides the grave and chose the better part.

Fainter and fainter came the falling breath and with the early night as peaceful as a baby's sleep, Death stole upon her, releasing as pure a spirit as ever dwelt in a woman's breast.

The Weatherby family were always remarkable for their unity and love. Beside, the eldest daughter, a widow with children in London, there were five sisters—Eliza, Jennie, Emmie, Helen and Harriet. There are three sisters left in America. Helen, who left the Lights of London company to reach her dying sister last Thursday; Harriet, a young girl in her teens, and Jennie, the sister best known in New York after Eliza. Jennie has been mother, sister, nurse and constant companion for fifteen years to Lizzie, and the light has gone out of her life. As Dr. Robertson said to me, "In all my professional career I never met her equal for self-sacrificing devotion. She would at any time have laid down her life for her sister. I have the greatest possible admiration for her, and to her my heart goes out in greatest sympathy."

The mother who after years of separation came over to end her days with Lizzie, has other daughters. The two girls, Helen and Harriet, will be happy wives, no doubt, in the near future; but to care for Lizzie had been Jennie's whole life, and the sweet, unselfish woman is crushed to the earth by this great loss.

Mrs. Goodwin adored her husband; he was her first and last thought. I remember during her last week of life, I was sitting with her telling her something in which she was interested. Nat came in, laid down on the side of the bed and slipped his hand in under her head. She never heard another word that I was saying, so happy was she in his caressing presence.

Nat is a man with a busy life before him. Women have been falling in love with him ever since I knew him and will continue to do so to the end of the chapter, but the truest affection his life will ever know—the most loyal love that will ever be his—is lying under the white lilacs at Woodlawn to-day.

If beyond this heartache and headache we call living there is any reward for the dwellers on earth, the crown must rest on that golden head that never conceived an evil thing; the palm must reach that gentle, generous hand that was helpful and open to all, and Nat will be given to that loving heart once more, for I don't believe there could be a heaven for her without him. In the growing years that I hope may be filled with fame and fortune, her memory cannot fade, for as he learns how little they are worth, the recollection of her love will come back with renewed strength at every visit. The wife of his youth will be his guiding star, through the mists of ages her face will gleam brightly upon him, and when they are united Nat will have reached heaven, and heaven will have just begun for that beautiful woman, Lizzie Weatherby Goodwin.

Every time I hear the burial service of the Episcopal Church I think, "Why don't the Bishopric of that persuasion take out that chapter from Corinthians?"

I presume it did well in Corinth, but its not quite the thing for New York.

Scattered about the Bible are texts of beautiful imagery, verses of faith-sustaining comfort. Eliminate that involved and ambiguous chapter and substitute something less wordy with more meaning. The Apostle Paul was a literary light in his day, but if Howard Paul had written that chapter in modern times and offered it to the clergy for use I wonder what lunatic asylum they would have consigned him to.

It has got as dry as husks with age, and the mechanical reading given it by the ministers makes it sound in spots like a report of the markets and crops.

When Dr. Houghton last Sunday turned from the church service to some note paper I believe every heart in that vast assemblage thrilled with pleasure that he was about to utter some words about that dear, dead woman.

It turned out to be a request to the members of the profession to call for him before death and not make their first appearance in his church in coffins.

He went over and over the fact that, strange as it might seem, the doors of that edifice and the offices of its pastor were open to the player-folk. It was well meant, but unconsciously there pervaded the sentences an atmosphere of condescension the circumstances do not warrant.

The time has gone by when the actors were classed as vagrants. They occupy to day important places in the land. They possess more intellect, more ability, more beauty and more virtue than any other profession.

The scandals of high life are greater than those of the stage. The crimes of political life are unknown among the actors. The fraud and deceit of the legal and medical professions find no parallel among the players. Their benevolence exceeds that of all other classes put together, and there is more simple Christian faith found in the artist's heart than in the money grubbing pericardium of strait laced religious people.

Dr. Houghton had a greater number of good, pure souls, a larger proportion of intellect, and an undoubted excess of integrity

in his house Sunday than will be gathered in Trinity chapel this morning to bury Mr. Travers.

The bulls and bears of Wall street can no more compare with the actors for civilized virtues than the bulls and bears of Southern Africa with those of Barnum's Exhibition. Trinity Chapel will be a fine place this morning to read an invitation to sinners to send for the pastor during the afternoon.

The distillation enjoyed by Dr. Houghton's church springs directly from the inspired ejaculation of Joe Jefferson—a sentence made the prestige of that church. When Jefferson desired the use of the Madison avenue edifice to bury poor Mr. Holland from and was advised to try the Little Church he raised his hat and, looking piously at the chandelier, said: "God bless the little church around the corner," he gave a national reputation to Dr. Houghton's establishment. That dear old gentleman should recognize it and feel a great pride in being the chosen mouthpiece of the best class of people to be found to-day on top of this revolving liver-pill—the earth.

THE GIDDY GUSHER.

Charlotte Cushman.

Charlotte Cushman was the greatest woman this country has thus far produced. We have had women distinguished as novelists, poets, musicians and sculptors, but not one of them do we find in the first rank in her special field of endeavor, while Charlotte Cushman achieved a place in hers beside the greatest that have ever lived. Indeed it is doubtful whether, all things considered, either Siddons or Rachel or any other actress that has ever lived was her peer. It would be hardly possible for a player to put more intelligence into his work than Charlotte Cushman put into hers, and this intelligence, so far as we know, was her own, while much of the intelligence that some other great actresses, Rachel for example, put into their work was not their own.

The typical woman, in order to do as good work on the stage or on the rostrum as she is capable of doing, must have the advice and direction of a clever man. Charlotte Cushman, though a woman, had a big, masculine head on her shoulders. She had a man's self-reliance, and was a stranger to that feeling that makes the typical woman yearn for the guidance and support of one possessing a higher order of intelligence than her own. In short, Charlotte Cushman was emphatically a masculine woman, and it was the happy union of the masculine characteristics that were hers with whatever of the feminine she possessed that made her the extraordinary personage she was. More of the masculine in her composition would have completely unsexed her; and as it was, she was so nearly unsexed that there have been few women that were less attractive to men. Fill the world with women of her mould and the race would soon become extinct.

Owing to the artificial school of delivery they cultivate, it would be impossible for some nations to produce as great a player as Miss Cushman was—the Germans, for example. True, they point to their Emil Deorint and Borgumel Davison, to their Marie Seebach and Clara Ziegler, and would have us believe that they merited a place beside the great ones of other countries, but, as I have never heard that their style of delivery differed materially from that that I have found to prevail on the German stage, I do not think it possible that these distinguished players merited the place the Germans claim for them. Unless they were unlike all the German players of the serious drama I have ever seen, they were not readers, they were what some of our own players, and nearly all of our elocutionists are—mere toneists. The German tragedian, like nearly the entire army of American dabbles in elocution, makes easy work of the utterance of the language it falls to him to speak—i. e., easy so far as the brain-work is concerned that he puts into his utterance. With him it is all tone, tone, tone! As for the thoughts the words express they occupy his thoughts but little; he is occupied mainly with the tones he is making. In this school of elocution there is no opportunity for the display of much brain-power; lung and larynx are about all it offers a field to. Hence this is the school for the dolts to cultivate, and it is the school they do cultivate and that they persuade the unwary to cultivate. Nor should they be censured. What they see they do; if they saw better they would do better. Many do as they do because the way they do is the only way that has ever been pointed out to them; they would gladly do better if a better way were shown them, even though they were compelled to use their brains a bit. This school cannot pilot anyone to greatness, for in it great talent has no field in which to show what it is capable of. It is the easy school because there is nothing we can compare it with—no standard we can measure it by. A good bearing, a good voice and a certain amount of vehemence are about all that is required in order to excel in it.

Of all the women I have ever heard read, whether on the stage or on the rostrum, with the possible exception of Fanny Kemble, Charlotte Cushman was the woman that steered the clearest of this school. She had absolutely nothing in common with it. She never seemed to be occupied with the tones in which she spoke any more than Wendell Phillips did with the tones in which he spoke, and he, as we know, was the personification of directness and simplicity.

A few years ago I asked a toneist what he thought Charlotte Cushman owed her extraordinary success to. He said to the fine qualities of her voice, to her power and her earnestness. Now, Miss Cushman could have had the best voice ever possessed by mortal, have had the power of a cyclops, and the earnestness of an Arkansas evangelist, and yet have been an example of one of those players or readers that mistake fuss, fury and artificiality for art. The fact is Miss Cushman had not a remarkable voice; she had a good deal of power, but not more than many another. She was always in earnest, but not more in earnest than are some others, Clara Morris, for example. Yet the thing that made her the great woman she was was her wonderful elocution—not the elocution of the toneists, of the paraphernalia-ists, of the line-and-plummetists, but the elocution of the gumptionists, of those whose chief study it is to cultivate the acumen and not the brawn, of those that depend upon the mental rather than upon the physical for their effects. Brawn without brains can do little—nothing that is worth doing—whereas brains with but little brawn may do much. The physical ability to do is everywhere abundant; it's intelligence that is scarce.

Miss Cushman did not study tones and pitches; she studied her author, being sure that if she mastered the thought the tone and the pitch would be evolved spontaneously. She began at the centre and worked toward the circumference, whereas the toneists begin at the circumference—and generally remain there, putting about as much intelligence in the sounds they make as there is in the sound of a kettle-drum. Miss Cushman's elocution was distinguished from the elocution of the rank and file of the elocutionists by the same qualities that, in the social world, distinguish the high bred from the low-bred—directness and simplicity and a total absence of self-consciousness. The average auditor never noted her manner; he was occupied only with the matter.

That style of writing is the best that looks to the layman as though no one would think of writing otherwise. Miss Cushman's style of reading was so simple, so natural, so free from so called elocutionary flourishes that it never occurred to her auditors any one could think of reading differently. Readers of the Cushman school put incomparably more labor on their work than the toneists do into theirs. I once asked a distinguished toneist to read a certain poem for me. "What is the sentiment that pervades it?"—I think this was his language—"Why— isn't it? Very well, we read—always in a—tone, do we not? Now you can read it as well as I can." Perhaps I could have read it as well as he, but without more study than that I should not have expected to read it well.

The school of elocution that the Cushmans and the Forrests cultivate may, very properly, I think, be called the thought school, while the school of elocution that nineteen out of twenty of the so-called elocutionists cultivate may be called the tone school. To excel in the first school, natural aptitude is indispensable; to excel in the second, about as much brains is required as to excel in gymnastics. A. A.

Helen Dauvray's Financial Affairs.

"The report that I am in financial straits is absolutely untrue and without the slightest grain of reason," said Helen Dauvray yesterday to THE MIRROR reporter who called to see her in relation to certain rumors that have been set afloat recently. "Let me tell you what has started this story: Some time ago I wanted the third act of Walda Lamar rewritten. I spoke to Mr. Hayden, my manager, about it, and he advised me to employ A. R. Cazauran for the work, and mentioned the sum to be paid as about \$100. I saw Mr. Cazauran and explained to him what I wanted.

"He seemed to understand and changed the act. He came to me with it and as I was busy making preparations for The Love Chase, which follows this play, it was a little while before I could see him. When I did have the time I read his work and told him of other changes I wanted. When he left me he saw Mr. Hayden and asked for his \$100. Mr. Hayden told him that it was all right, but he had better wait and get his task finished first. Three or four days after that (last Wednesday, I believe) I came to the office and spent two hours over his manuscript. At five o'clock I sent it to him, telling him that when the alterations I had marked were made and certain parts rewritten it would be all right. At seven o'clock his manuscript came back. Instead of being rewritten, whole speeches had been cut out at a time.

"That was Wednesday night. On Friday I wrote him acknowledging the receipt of his manuscript and telling him that it had not been rewritten as I asked, but it had been cut. I also told him that on account of there being a matinee the next day (Saturday) I had to go to a dinner, and then in the evening to a reception, I could not see him until Monday, but on that day I was at liberty to see him at any hour. I asked him to write me an answer and let me know when he could call and I would make no engagements for that day until I heard from him.

"There was no answer. Saturday came and still no answer. On Saturday night I was served with a summons to a suit. Not only that but Mr. Cazauran has gone about the Hoffman House and stated that my company has not been paid salaries for several weeks, that I am financially embarrassed, and he has even gone so far as to wage a dinner with Alexander Salvini that I would swindle him

out of the salary of the last week he is engaged with me. Now I wish to say in refutation of all these reports that with the exception of Met By Chance every one of my productions—and I have had five since I came back to New York—have made a profit, and my books are here to show it. All of my company are indignant at the reports about my being financially embarrassed, and astonished at Mr. Cazauran's ungentlemanly conduct. Mr. Cazauran still has his manuscript, and I have handed the writ to my counsel ex Judge Dittenhoefer, who will be in the city to-morrow (Thursday) and take the matter in charge."

Tony Hart's Future Plans.

"I have been doing splendidly with Donnybrook," said cheery Tony Hart to a MIRROR reporter the other day, "and I think that the success of the play is assured. At present I am laying off, as Mrs. Hart has been very ill. We have just been down through the East where we played to big houses right along. We start out again on April 11, opening in the vicinity of New York. There is not the slightest truth in the report that I am to play at the Alcazar in San Francisco on July 11. They wanted me to come but I prefer to lay off and rest till the Fall. San Francisco is getting to be like the Eastern cities, in that the people are leaving the city during the Summer just the same as they do here.

"Next season I shall add a new play to my repertoire. It is The Blarney Stone, by Con. T. Murphy, author of The Ivy Leaf. The parts are already copied and it is in such shape that I can put it in rehearsal at almost any moment. It will be gotten ready in time for next season. I have a dual role in it. In the first act I am a gentleman and in the second a 'whipper-in.' I shall also have an opportunity for introducing specialty acts the same as in Donnybrook Fair. I close season at the Howard Athenaeum in May, rest here in New York all Summer and open again about September 1."

The Amateur Stage.

SARGENT'S STUDENTS AT THE LYCEUM.

A students' matinee took place on Wednesday of last week at the Lyceum Theatre, at which there were some debutantes of more than ordinary promise. The programme was attractive and judiciously selected, affording scope for a varied range of talent, as it included Clement Scott's pretty drama, The Cape Mail; the death scene from Adrienne Lecouvreur, the curse scene from Leah the Forsaken, and a capital adaptation of Moliere's comedy of Les Precieuses Ridicules, from the pen of Mrs. Charles A. Doremus.

In the Cape Mail Mrs. Preston, the blind lady, was very charmingly performed by Laura Sedgwick Collins, whose natural manner was accompanied by a refinement of detail which shows her to be possessed of much artistic instinct. The part of Mrs. Frank Preston gave Alice Chapin Ferris the means of displaying refined ability. Elsie Lombard acted the role of Mary Preston with grace and feeling. The male characters were acceptably performed by Charles Canfield, Walter C. Bellows and Homer Granville, former students of the School, who are now on the professional stage.

In Adrienne Lecouvreur, Wilhelmina Swanton, in the title role, gave a powerful and passionate interpretation, which is a trying one even for the most experienced actress. Maurice was well played by Alfred Young and Michonnet by Harold Harrison.

The two acts from Leah afforded Judith Herold the opportunity of highly impassioned acting, which was well sustained, but her method was at times too vehement. It is not not always necessary to display physical talent to express violent passions. The greatest actors have produced the deepest emotions by a totally opposite method. Charles Canfield was exceedingly disappointing as Rudolph.

The comedy was put on the stage in the most charming way in all respects, reflecting high credit on the performers, and indeed upon the adapter. The amusing parts of Cathos and Madeleine were performed by Vida Croly and Harriet Ford with considerable humor.

A very graceful and courtly minuet was introduced in the play, arranged by Carola Malvina, the dancing instructor of the School, and the music for it was composed by Laura Sedgwick Collins.

NOTES.

An entertainment will be given to Martin J. Dixon at the Tuna Hall Theatre on Wednesday evening, April 30, at which Fred Marsden's comedy drama, Clouds, will be presented with a cast, including Margaret Carroll, Edna Hamilton, Miss Aschers and the Messrs. Brennan, Lattrell, Kling and Delaney. The stage will be under the direction of Prof. John J. Vane.

The Pride of the Market will be presented by prominent amateurs at the Lyceum on Thursday afternoon, April 21, in aid of the Chapin Home for the Aged and Infirm.

On Friday afternoon, April 15, an entertainment will be given at the Lyceum Theatre to benefit the Ribes Shelter, a charity of the Church of the Holy Communion. A matinee will appear in Mrs. Barton Harrison's Two Strings to Her Bow, while a professional cast will interpret Brander Matthews' new play entitled This Picture and That.

Francis Wilson, of the Casino, is coaching an amateur cast for an approaching representation of Fecundities at the Academy of Music. The performance of John Brougham's burlesque is to increase the building fund of the Columbia College gymnasium.

The League of Amateur Societies announces a performance of The Honeymoon at the Lexington Avenue Opera House on Friday evening, April 25.

On the evenings of April 30 and at the Leonard Society will present May Blossom at the Brooklyn Athenaeum.

A testimonial entertainment is to be tendered to Ada Ward at the Madison Square Theatre on the afternoon of April 13, when Dillicate Ground and other pieces will be given.

The Amateur Opera company gave Isolante for the second time this season at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Wednesday evening, March 23.

Edwin De Nyse, the journalist, who has been an invalid for the past six months, will be tendered a benefit by his friends on Tuesday evening, April 12, when The Merchant of Venice will be performed at the Brooklyn Athenaeum.

—An organization that is having remarkable success on the road—and has been having for two or three seasons—is the Jones Montague company in the quality Yankee play, St. Perkins. The company is headed by Frank Jones and Alice Montague, who a few years ago were very prominent variety stars. Mr. Jones is a very unctuous comedian, and has elaborated the part of St. Perkins into one of the funniest comedy bits on the boards. St. Perkins and his thrashing-machine have achieved a popularity second only to one other Yankee creation of the present day, and the reputation earned by the Farmer Band attached to the company is due to the advent of a circus. Eastern success is before them, and in the West, and another season will see St. Perkins crowding the theatres of the large cities.

The Usher.



Edwin Price is ill with rheumatism at the Everitt House. He was to have gone to Memphis early in the week to appear against the young man who stole his wife's diamonds not long ago, but the trip had to be deferred and the trial postponed.

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Sadie Bigelow has made another hit, this time in mining stock speculations. She holds a good sized block of El Christo, which has travelled in a brief space of time to an astonishing figure. It received a set-back the other day, but Miss Bigelow had faith in her investment, pluckily held on and soon the upward tendency began again.

Miss Dauvray tells me that she doesn't relish the title of business woman. "I have no wish to become famous as a manageress," says the bright and brainy little woman; "my only ambition lies in the direction of acting. When Mr. Rickaby died I was reluctantly obliged for a time to look after every detail of my business affairs. Then it was that the papers began calling me a 'business woman' and praising me for my shrewdness and knowledge of the practical side of management. Long since I have been occupying myself solely with stage matters, but the reputation still clings to me, and I can't get rid of it."

Fanny Davenport went to see Sarah Bernhardt in Fedora last Friday night and yesterday Sarah went to see Fanny, who gave a performance specially in her honor. The note in which she signified her intention of being present was written on small, square paper, bordered with drab, the usual width of a mourning edge. In the same color on the envelope was stamped Sara's monogram and a device that at first glance looked like a crest, but on examination proved to be a sort of artistic trade mark composed of a savage looking masque beneath which were crossed a short Roman sword and a jester's bauble.

Now that Mrs. Brown Potter has been and gone and done it, and the papers have given many columns to the event, I presume that we will have a brief respite from Brown Potter news and gossip.

The first night's verdict on Ruddy Gore has at last been reluctantly accepted by the management. Stetson and Carte have quarrelled, with the result, I understand, that the latter and his company go back to England within the coming fortnight.

Buffalo Bill and the Cowboys sail on the Nebraska this morning. Good luck attend these breezy expositors of Western life on their travels in furrin' parts.

I have received the following note from Paris, dated the 10th of this month.

By a decision, dated March 4, the French Government has conferred upon Mlle. Minnie Hauk the title and insignia of "fleur-de-l'Academie," in recognition of her distinguished services for French musical art abroad. This refers principally to her creations of Carmen, Manon, Mignon and other French operas in a number of European and American capitals. Mlle. Minnie Hauk is the first American artist upon whom this distinction has been conferred, and there are but three or four other foreign singers who have received it.

Mme. Hauk and her husband, Van Wartegg, are at present in London.

President Cleveland, Secretary Whitney and W. W. Corcoran have bought boxes for the Fund benefit in Washington, April 18, paying \$100 apiece for them. The affair promises to be the biggest thing of the kind ever engineered outside of New York.

Spectacular Burlesque.

"Joseph Brooks and I have entered into a partnership," said Alfred Thompson, in conversation with a MIRROR representative, "for the production of spectacular burlesques on a grand scale, under the title of the Imperial Burlesque company. Our first production will be called The Arabian Nights. It is a musical burlesque, written by myself, and founded on the story of 'Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp.' The musical selections will be arranged by Jesse Williams, and will comprise selections by that gentleman, and from such noted composers as Leo Delibes, Suppé, and Gounod.

"The piece will have its first presentation at the Chicago Opera House, June 1, where scenery on a most elaborate scale is being painted by Mr. Albert. I have seen some of his work and I can safely say that the scenery will be a great surprise and will surpass anything of the kind ever seen before. The costumes are being made by Dazian, while the properties are now in the hands of Henry Brothers. There will be fully 150 people on

the stage. The chorus will be taken from this city, and the principal people already engaged include John D. Gilbert, formerly with Kate Castleton, Richard Carroll, Edwin Fay, Louise Montague and Lillie Alliston.

"I shall go to Chicago in May to stage manage and superintend the production generally, and will probably remain away a month. The burlesque will remain the whole summer in Chicago and will be produced in this city in September—at which house I can't say. We have one open for us, but nothing is decided upon."

A Students' Matinee.

On the 17th of the month the directors of the New York School of Acting gave the public an opportunity to see the pupils of the School go through some of the exercises they have been occupied with during the last six or eight months, and on the 23d they gave a public performance in which they presented a part of the students of the current season, assisted by some of the students of the class of '84 and '85. As some of these latter, perhaps all, have had two years' experience on the regular stage, it was rather difficult to tell how far they were indebted to the School's teaching for whatever acquaintance they showed with the actor's art and how far they were indebted to the experience they have gained elsewhere.

The pronunciation of the pupils of the School is far from being what it should be; indeed, in the case of several of them it is very bad. They rarely misplace accents, but they frequently do what is worse: They mangle the vowel-sounds, which gives the utterance a boorish ring most offensive to the better-schooled ear. Then another serious fault, in the case of several, was a tendency to roll the letter r. This was most noticeable in the utterance of Misses Lombard, Swanson and Berold, and in that of Mr. Canfield. This rolling of the r is not English, and always sounds affected. The pronunciation of f-r-i-e-n-d is not fr-r-r-end.

The elocution of the pupils of the School is no better than their pronunciation; no, it is not so good. In light scenes they have a tendency to run their words together, which renders them indistinct. To be understood at only a short distance, the speech must be more measured than in a tête-à-tête. In heavy scenes, their utterance was mere fuss and fury. There was not a bit of nature in it, hence it was not effective. Rant generally gets applause from the groundlings, but it never really moves them; much less does it move the judicious. No woman in real life, no matter what the circumstances, ever speaks as Miss Berold spoke her lines in the scenes from Leah. Miss Berold was all the time asking herself what tone she should speak the next sentence in, not what thought the next sentence conveyed, and what would be the natural way of uttering it. "Can the tongue that lied still speak?" cried Miss Berold. Now, has Miss Berold, or have her teachers, any reasons for speaking this sentence in this way? None! Miss Berold does not know why she read it as she did, yet the reason is simple. The thought, the sense, had nothing to do with her emphasis; yet the thought should have had everything to do with her emphasis. Miss Berold had a certain amount of breath to expend on the sentence, and unconsciously she dealt it out to the more open vowel-sounds—to the vowels easiest to emphasize. This is the why; it can hardly be called a reason. Miss Berold should have gone over the words *can the tongue that* with comparative rapidity, then have emphasized *lied*, after which she should have taken a full breath, which would have enabled her to speak the words *still speak* with great force. This would not only have fully brought out the thought, but also have made an effective and artistic climax—it would have been natural. As it was, Miss Berold had no breath left for the words *still speak*, and of necessity she spoke them feebly. The proper reading of the sentence is fairly well represented thus: "Can the tongue that *lied—STILL SPEAK?*" Miss Berold's reading of this sentence is a fair specimen of her reading throughout.

This midriff-and-larynx style of delivery never leads to anything that satisfies laudable ambition. It is the easy style. It taxes the brawn only, not the brains. It never sets itself the task of unravelling obscurities of diction or involutions of thought. This is a task the diaphragm never undertakes. The most important, and immeasurably the most difficult, part of the actor's art is the part the New York School of Acting evidently gives no attention to. This would be doubly apparent in the higher drama. The New York School of Acting would be more appropriately named if it were called a school of pantomime and aesthetic gymnastics. The pupils of the School have not yet even attacked the intellectual side of the actor's art. Of the art of handling the words they know nothing. In the handling of the words fame and fortune are possible; not so, however, in the walking of the stage and the sawing of the air. Find the woman that can speak the words of Queen Catherine in Henry VIII, as Charlotte Cushman spoke them, and you have the woman for whose services the managers will give five hundred dollars a night. She will quickly learn the "business" and the pantomime of the part.

Miss Wilhelmina Swanson, of the pupils in this season's class, impressed me as being the one that possesses the greatest possibilities; but the range of characters in which she will excel and be attractive will always be limited; and for these few she will need severe and special training.

The thing most worthy of commendation in Mr. Sargent's pupils is their bearing, which was thoroughly actor-like. They can all keep still, and their hands never seem to be in their way. I did not notice one of the young men trying to hide his hands, either in his pockets or behind his back; which is evidence, as far as it goes, that they have not been frequent visitors at a certain up-town theatre.

ALFRED AYRES.

John Gilbert's Condition.

The report in circulation a few days ago that New York was likely to lose at any moment one of the oldest and best actors—John Gilbert—saddened many a heart, and there arose a general sigh of relief when the news of his recovery was given out.

For the purpose of learning just what the condition of the veteran actor of Wallack's is a reporter of THE MIRROR called on him at his apartments in the Winchester Flats at Broadway and Thirty-first street. Mr. Gilbert looked to be in his usual condition as he advanced to meet the scribe. A shawl was thrown over his shoulders and a skull cap was pulled down close to his ears. In response to the inquiries after his health, he said:

"I am all right again, thank you. All I want now is strength. I shall be ready to play again in the course of a week or two. I've had a hard time of it, though. I had fever at first, and it was terrible—dreadful. At first I was taken quite seriously ill, so much so that my doctor brought in another one to consult with. But now I'm nearly myself again. I walked out three days and stayed out for twenty minutes to a half an hour. The first day I went out I only stayed ten minutes, but when I came back I was so weak I had to lie down again at once. That was last Thursday. But I'll come up all right again. I eat well and I sleep well, and so all I need is my strength."

I can't tell you how I got sick. I'm quite sure it was from no imprudence, for I am very particular, and have been all winter. Even when I was acting in The School for Scandal I didn't go out of the house except to the theatre and back again, and that's hardly a block and a half away, as you know. I play in Old Heads and Young Hearts, after The Dominie's Daughter. I was prevented from playing the Dominie in that piece, which would have been the first new part I had centred since the production of The Silver King at Wallack's several years ago."

The Mirror Memorial Monument Fund.

Since our last issue \$4 additional has been received for the Fund. Of this sum \$2 was contributed by Mary L. Berrell, of the Clio company and \$2 by C. T. Nichols of the Under the Gaslight company. The total amount subscribed to date is \$4 350 60.

Gossip of the Town.



Above we print a portrait of Crypti Palmont, a young and promising actor who has been for several seasons attached to the companies of some of our best stars. He is said to be gifted and versatile, particularly displaying merit in comedy and character parts.

Fred Runnells has just returned from a long circus season in Cuba.

May Freeman has been re-engaged for the Casino company for next season.

M. C. Mandeville has taken Frank B. Blair's place with Salisbury's Troubadours.

Patti Rosa is on her way East, and will shortly appear in this city in Zip and Bob.

Dr. Hamilton E. Leach, physician to the Actors' Fund in Washington, is in town.

Catherine Lewis stars next season under the management of her husband, Donald Robertson.

During the summer season the Star Theatre is to be redecorated and refurnished throughout.

George Richards has closed his season with We, U & Co., his place being taken by C. B. Hawkins.

Cordelia's Aspirations will be revived at Harrigan's Park Theatre on Monday, April 18.

The Saints and Sinners company from the Madison Square Theatre closes season in Harlem on May 2.

The Actors' Order of Friendship has moved from its quarters, No. 101 East Fourteenth street, to No. 1227 Broadway.

Sydney Rosenfeld has written a play which will be presented at the Lyceum Theatre by the stock company next season.

Paul Arthur, at present with the Tin Soldier company, has received an offer to go with the Salisbury Troubadours next season.

At St. James' Hall (Bunnell's Museum), Buffalo, recently burned, the late Frank Chandrau spoke his first lines on the stage.

A new play by Brander Matthews, Love and War, is reported to be under consideration for early production at Wallack's Theatre.

Fred. Ward will rest during the week of April 4 in this city, and then start on his overland tour to San Francisco by way of the Southern route.

Charles S. Dickson is engaged for the Lyceum company next season. He is at present playing the Correspondent in Held by the Enemy.

Henry French has purchased The Butler, a three act comedy, which is now running at Toole's Theatre, London. It is by Herman C. Merivale.

Marguerite Saxton has received an offer to rejoin Marie Prescott, and will probably leave for Chicago in a few days for that purpose.

Two of the original London Great Pink Pearl cast have been engaged by Charles Overton for the production of the play at the Lyceum next September.

Negotiations are being made for the production of Haroor Lights by a special company at the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco, during the Spring months.

There are those who believe that Adonis will not be much of a go in San Francisco, as all the specialties in the skit have been done to death by imitators out there.

Amelia Summerville may not go with Adonis to San Francisco, as she needs a rest. She will probably leave the company at the close of the Spring engagement in this city.

David Belasco and Clay M. Greene have rewritten Under the Polar Star, which was produced at San Francisco last summer, and are arranging for its early production.

If the new theatre, to be erected by Messrs. Bailey, French and Sanger on the site of Cosmopolitan Hall will be ready by September 12, it will be opened by Booth and Barrett.

Neil Burgess opens at the Bijou Opera House in Vim on May 23 for a Summer run. The play will be put on the stage in good style, with the regular company in their old parts.

James T. Powers, of the Tin Soldier Company, intends starring next season. He is reading new plays, and this brain labor interferes somewhat with his performance of Rats.

Mr. Barnard, part author of The Main Line, has removed from his city residence to New Rochelle, so that he can attend to his playwriting where naught but Nature can disturb him.

Low Dockstader still sings "Paddy Clancy's Shovel" at his minstrels. This is the song which was the occasion of quite a row at a dinner given on St. Patrick's Day in Philadelphia.

The position of comedian in Jennie Kimball's Opera company, left vacant by the sudden death of M. W. Fiske, is as yet unfilled. A good singing comedian will be selected for the vacancy.

It is an open secret that the caricatures in the World of the late lawyer, Ira Shafer, during the trial of Alderman Cleary and the letter-press accompanying them were the work of H. G. Carleton.

E. G. Gilmore and McKee Rankin have just signed for a spectacular production of Macbeth at Niblo's on Oct. 31. It will be embellished with Edgar S. Kelly's music written for the tragedy.

The State of Nebraska, which has on board the entire Wild West Show, sails for England this (Thursday) morning. Among others who leave on this vessel are the Fletchers, the well-known skatolite artists.

The demand for seats for the Wednesday matinee of Fedora at the Grand Opera House, at which Sarah Bernhardt was present, was so great that the entire house was almost sold out by Tuesday morning.

Humanity is the title of an English melodrama, the American rights of which are controlled by Charles Frohman. The piece will be given a production at the California Theatre, San Francisco, in July.

Howard P. Taylor's Snowflake is the grand spectacle which E. G. Gilmore and the Kiralfy Brothers are arranging for production at Niblo's Garden at the opening of the Fall season next August.

Charles T. Ellis will be under the management of F. F. Proctor next season. He will appear in the late William Carleton's comedy, Casper the Yodler. Charles A. Wing, of Hartford, is booking the time.

Next season Frank Daniels will be under the management of Hayden, Dickson and Roberts in Howard P. Taylor's new comedy, Little Puck. The presses have already been started upon some elaborate printing.

Carl Hecker, an artist of this city, is busy on a life-size portrait of Augusta Van Dorena and her St. Bernard dog. The picture will be 7 feet high by 4 1/2 wide and will be exhibited in all the large cities next season.

The combined Barnum and Forepaugh shows will add the hippodrome performances to their attractions next Monday. The season in this city will close on April 23. From here the circus goes to Brooklyn for a week.

Washington Irving Bishop appeared at the Chicago Opera House on Sunday night, and before the entertainment was over J. M. Hill had engaged him to appear for an entire week at the Columbia Theatre on a guarantee.

The Clear Up Trial, a burlesque of the trial of the indicted aldermen will be given at Dockstader's to-morrow (Friday) night. Among the people represented will be Daniel Dougherty, Joseph Pulitzer, Ira Shafer and Jacob Sharp.

Estelle Mortimer has been engaged for the part of Sagastina in the production of Big Pony at the Bijou Opera House to night. The part was to have been played by Jennie Weathersby, who has retired temporarily from the stage, owing to the death of her sister.

Marie Louise Day will join the Hole in the Ground company at Chicago on Sunday next. The play is reported to be doing well on the road. It will not be seen in New York until the middle of September when it will be put on for a run of four or six weeks at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

W. J. Scanlan and his company will rest during Holy week. Mr. Scanlan has never played during that week. He will end his season, which has been his most successful one at Hartford on May 21. On Easter Monday he resumes at the Walnut Street, Philadelphia, in The Irish Minstrel.

Russell Bassett is somewhat annoyed at being starred in a museum theatre in Chicago. He is here in New York and has no museum dates at present. But the Chicago posters have it otherwise. A Philadelphia museum announces quite a galaxy of well known minstrels, including Billy Sweetnam, Billy Rice, Simmons and Slocum, Frank Moran, Barney Fagan, etc. These knights of the sable have "other arrangements," but museum managers do not allow such little things to interfere with their arrangements.

A pair of Normandy horses, weighing over 7 000 pounds each, are carried in one of the cars attached to C. R. Gardiner's Zoro company. A saving of \$60 per week goes toward meeting the increased expenses caused by the new railroad law.

Manager Sam Fort, of Washington and Baltimore, was in the city the other day. He spoke in terms of lively satisfaction regarding the business done this season at Albaugh's beautiful Grand Opera House, Washington. The profits have reached large figures many weeks. The best attractions are booked for the future season.

Seats for the one hundredth performance of The Old Homestead, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, which will be given on April 12 are being secured by mail. On Sunday last all of the company, as well as several of the scenes of the play, were photographed by electric light. It is probable that the pictures will be put into an album and made to serve as a souvenir.

The Grand Opera House will close its season on June 11 and reopen on August 23. For the Summer season the house has been rented to William Matthews, the assistant manager, who will probably present a number of melodramas popular on the West Side. During the Summer the house will be recarpeted throughout.

Belle Baron plays the title role in Clio until the close of the season in May. She is everywhere accredited with giving a strong rendition of the part. Clio has been prosperous ever since it started out, early in September. Miss Baron will receive offers for leading business for next season.

Ben Teal has been engaged to superintend the production of The Still Alarm, a new local drama which is to be seen at Niblo's Garden in May. The play will be produced under the management of William R. Hayden, with Joseph Haworth and Augustus Cook in the leading male roles.

Charles Eldridge denies that he has resigned from the stage management of Richard Mansfield's company. The authority for a statement to this effect in last week's MIRROR came from a late member of the company. Mr. Eldridge says he will continue with Mr. Mansfield until the close of the season.

Rudolph Aronson's Sunday night concert at the Casino will be resumed on April 10 (Easter Sunday). Arrangements have been completed with Henry E. Abbey by which the following artists of his Italian Opera Company will appear: Mmes. Scalchi, Valera, Novarra and Signors Galassi, Guilla, Novara and Vincini. The Casino orchestra, increased to fifty, will assist under the direction of Arditi.

George Osbourne, one of the managers of the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco, arrived in the city yesterday. He will make a week's visit, during which arrangements will be made for the engagement of several stars and the production of some new plays at its establishment. Among the latter is Harbor Lights. Mr. Osbourne says that the patronage of the Alcazar is large and steady. It has a clientele of its own and the best class of San Franciscans are numbered among its supporters.

The sale for the 300th performance of Erminie at the Casino, which occurs on Tuesday evening, April 12, opened on Tuesday morning, and in two houses nothing was left in the box office. The occasion will be made a gala one. Handsome morocco-album souvenirs will be distributed. The album will contain sixteen cabinet photographs of the artists of the company as they appear in private life, with their autographs attached, the whole tied together with varicolored ribbons.

Mr. Barnard is rewriting an old melodrama, The Rag pickers of Paris. It will be given the title of Daddy Jacques, and negotiations are pending whereby Ben Maginley will probably produce it. The changes are so many that the play can almost be said to be Mr. Barnard's. The scene is changed from Paris to New York; instead of fourteen scenes there are six, and instead of fifteen people there are eight. It will be in three acts and a prologue.

William Gillette sails from London for this country next Tuesday. His play of Held by the Enemy will be produced at the Prince's Theatre, London, at a matinee next Saturday, Charles Warner creating the leading part. If successful the play will be put on for a run later on. Immediately on his return to this city Mr. Gillette will start for San Francisco, whither he goes to superintend the production and play the leading comedy role—that of the reporter—of Held by the Enemy at the California Theatre in June. Mr. Gillette will also be seen in the role next season in New York.

Managers Jacobs, Proctor and Harris have pooled on an "incomparable continuity of amusement temples." Their mammoth circuit includes twenty cities, all week stands. The best attractions can secure from twenty to forty weeks. The all-absorbing firm control theatres as far north as Montreal, as far south as Washington, east as Hartford and west as Louisville. This is a powerful triumvirate, with its millions of amusement seekers to cater to. The firm of Jacobs, Proctor and Harris has its main office at the Third Avenue Theatre, this city.

Mlle. Juliet Durand, the financial victim of the Harkinson-In the Trenches fiasco, is a handsome young Frenchwoman of the Southern type of beauty—a native of Bordeaux. She backed the Harkinson "snap" to gain experience, and was successful—in a certain way. Mlle. Durand says she was cruelly deceived by Harkinson, whose sole capital was hope and the money she advanced. The young lady, who is a comparative stranger in this country, was for three years a pupil of the Paris Conservatoire, and has therefore had good dramatic training. While her accent is marked, her knowledge of English is almost perfect and her speech correct. At one time Mlle. Durand was possessed of a competency, but lost all in a mining speculation.

J. W. Grath, the versatile comedian, who recently closed a six months' tour with Myra Goodwin in Sis, made an enviable record as Hickory Hawkins, the quaint ex-circus clown, in that comedy. He has been successful in a wide range of dramatic work, and especially as a dialect comedian. In Sam'l of Poset, he has played Footlight, the bad actor. Mr. Mulcahy and the dude role, in all of which he was delicately funny or broadly humorous. He has been equally at home as the German Grocerman in Peck's Bad Boy, as Tackleton in Cricket on the Heath and as Talbot Champneys in Our Boys. For fourteen years Mr. Grath was the partner of John F. Sheridan (Sheridan and Mack). They were the leading singers, dancers and sketch artists of the vaudeville stage. Mr. Grath will shortly create a Yankee role in a new comedy.

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London News and Gossip.

LONDON, March 17.

Another cold snap, and down of course have gone the receipts of London managers. This week snow and fog have come to make still more unendurable the little life which east winds have left in us. All things considered, it is perhaps as well that there is not much in the way of theatrical novelty to fetch us out of doors at night at present. The operatic stage is, however, in full blast just now. If arrangements already made are carried out to their bitter end, we shall have a continuous run of opera in London right away up to the end of July. It is not quite clear what will become of the various impresari when all is over. Doubtless they have their own private reasons for the faith which is in them, but these are most certainly not discernible by the naked eye. On Saturday night Mr. Mapleson started his season of cheap Italian opera at Covent Garden. This is to be followed in a few weeks by Signor Lafo's season at the same house. The Carl Rosa season begins at Drury Lane the first week in May, and Augustus Harris proposes to follow it with an Italian opera of his own sharp on the close of Rosa's term (so it is said), much to Rosa's disgust.

Meanwhile pantomime still rages at Old Drury—though in a somewhat abated form—partly owing to Lent, partly to the cold weather; but chiefly, I suspect, because people are getting just a wee tiny bit tired of the show, even though it is, as Harris advertises, "equal to three pantomimes rolled into one." Harris will close during Passion week, but has bound himself by a curse to run the pantomime over Easter. Artful man! He knows that if he can keep going till the youngsters come home for the holidays he will get a fresh send-off which will do him a bit of good.

Mapleson opened with the well-worn but still popular La Traviata, and filled his house from floor to ceiling. If it was all money he did well, for the production could not have cost him much. Bearing in mind some of the discomforts in front—and they were many—some might be inclined to describe the opening of the season as not only cheap but nasty. It is said that there was financial trouble between the manager and his primo uomo, Runcio. Anhow, R. declined to do business except on a cash basis, and at the last moment—five o'clock on Saturday evening, to wit—Mapleson had to find another Alfredo. He found him in a man named Ria, of whose performance it would be kinder under the circumstances to say nothing.

The success of the evening was made by the Violetta, Mile. Nordica, which is Italian operatic, you know, for Miss Norton. I am told that this young lady is an American. Also that she failed recently in the same part at Milan—at least so says a spiteful old paragrapher in E. Yates' paper, the *World*. Statements are not necessarily true because this person makes them, but if Miss Norton did fail at Milan it could not have been for want of ability. Good judges here pronounce her general style not unlike that of Nilsson. She phrases correctly, and she sings absolutely in tune.

On Tuesday Mapleson turned on Rigoletto. Though the cold snap had set in with renewed severity, the theatre had not been warmed, the stairways were still uncarpeted, and delicate women gathered together their wraps in vain to defend themselves from the cruel draughts which blew across the stalls. M. Lherie, a French baritone, scored as Rigoletto, and Mile. Nordica, as Gilda, maintained the favorable impression she has already made. The stage management did not add to the general effect. To-night they play La Favorita.

Little Mr. Penley, the low comedian, is still laid up with chicken-pox, or measles, or mumps, or something; but the Globe reopened on Monday evening nevertheless. Landlubberly anxious no doubt to give his patrons plenty for their money, Mr. Hawtre put up three pieces—a one-act comedieta, by W. A. Elwood, entitled *After Many Days*; *The Snowball*, by Sydney Grundy, and a one-act musical absurdity called *Crazed*, by Alfred R. Phillips, son of the late Watts Phillips. *Crazed* and *The Snowball* are old goods, but *After Many Days* was then seen for the first time. If by this statement I seem to imply that there is anything new or original about it, please understand that I have said what I didn't mean. All the same, *After Many Days* is not by any means a bad bit of work, and will probably be found useful as a curtain raiser. Though they call it a comedieta, it is really a sort of miniature melodrama without a murder—only a breach of trust. The breaker of the trust has a daughter, and she has a sweetheart, who is very hard up. A blackmailer, who knows all about the breach of trust, discovers that this young man is the very person who suffered by it, and therefore explains the whole business to him—"for a consideration" of course. Instead of having the trust-breaker "sent up," however, the magnanimous youth merely asks for his daughter's hand in marriage, which being granted, down comes the curtain.

W. W. Lesney made a clever characterization of the blackmailer, and the heroine was very prettily played by a very pretty young

lady—Miss Blanche Herlock—a parson's daughter, who has lately taken to the stage.

The Snowball is full of little improbabilities, but is screamingly funny nevertheless. The trail of the old French serpent is sufficiently obvious all the time, though in the process of rendering the plot less calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of Mr. Podsnap's young person. Much of the original humor of the situation has probably dropped out. The moral (if any) is that it is always best to be candid and straightforward with your wife. All manner of troubles fall upon the head of one Felix because when he went to see Pink Dominoes he told his wife he was going to dine with a friend. She, on the other hand, had told him she was going to the classical concert, but when he got to the theatre, whom should he see in a private box but his wife and sister-in-law. Felix thought they didn't see him, but they did; and when he hurried home first and arranged a little plot to vindicate his marital authority, Mrs. Felix had already arranged one on her own account to vindicate hers. Mrs. Felix manages to make her husband believe that she has found him out in an intrigue with her maid Penelope—which likely enough there was some foundation for in Oscar; un Mari qui Trompe sa Femme, but which in *The Snowball* has absolutely no existence. Hence Felix's fears of his wife's jealousy have an air of unreality which renders a lot of make believe necessary before you can look at things from Grundy's view-point. Uncle John, a fat old foggy, complicates matters by his interference, and Penelope plays the devil with all concerned. From time to time all the characters pursue each other in and out of the four doors which the interior presented possesses. After about an hour and a half of this business, husband and wife do what they might easily have done at the outset—explain in six words—and the curtain falls.

So far so good. But why "*Snowball*," any how? The notion probably is that Felix's lies increase in magnitude as they roll on, but for all practical purposes the piece might just as well have been called *Cough Ball* or *Cannon Ball*. Penley was to have played Felix. In his absence Hawtre took it in, and really played very well, though of course in a very different way from what the little man would have played the part. Ponderous Mr. Hill, as Uncle John, made the usual amount of comic capital of his own obesity, and bright, clever little Fanny Brough was admirable as Penelope.

Crazed is a very funny little piece, and Hill is notoriously good as the mad composer. Beethoven Brown, but I can't stand three pieces in one night, and when *The Snowball* was over I incontinently got up and got.

Next week I may have something to tell you concerning complications that have arisen among the management of the Comedy Theatre—which its name is Miss Violet Melnotte. For the present I will merely say that the notices are up for Paulton and Jakowowski's Myneer Jan, whose authors say that they are looking about for another theatre; and that Comyns Carr and Beerbohm Tree have taken the comedy with a view to producing an adaptation of *Don Quixote*, in which, of course, Tree will play the Don.

The Kate Vaughan Comedy company has not yet succeeded, during its present season at the Opera Comique, in giving a fairly complete performance of either of the old comedies they have attacked. In the revival of *The School for Scandal* at this house last Saturday some improvement was discernible; but, on the whole, the interpretation was anything but satisfactory. The fair Kate showed increased tenderness and gracefulness as Lady Teazle, and wore a number of the most lovely and picturesque dresses ever seen on any stage. But for all that she was not the Lady Teazle intended by the late R. B. Sheridan, Esq., M. P. and theatrical manager. The best piece of acting was the Moses of Lionel Brough, who by real quaint drollery again proved his worth as an Old Comedian. The Sir Peter Teazle of that sterling actor, James Fernandez, was good only in spots. He gave proof of having minutely studied the part, but he was not suited to it. A clever performance, but still not Sheridan. Forbes-Robertson, not unknown in your hospitable clime, utterly misread the character of Charles Surface. According to him (F. R.) Charles never took his hands out of his pockets, except when he wanted drink, which (according to F. R.) he is as "hogs on." As Joseph Surface Forbes-Robertson, a usually promising young actor, with a small sharp face and seraphic smile, was also all at sea. The only remaining characters at all well played, were the Maria of Miss L. Gilmore (niece to Manager Tom Thorne), the Rowley of C. S. Fawcett and the Sir Oliver of S. Caffrey. The merry Julia Gwynne (formerly of the Savoy and the wife of Gaiety Edwardes) fought bravely with the cynical part of Lady Sneerwell, but did not come off altogether a conqueror.

The Conway-Farren crowd (which comes to the Islington Grand on Monday for a week) took out as leading lady, a pretty and slight little body named Angela Fenton (wife of Colonel Greenwall), and almost an amateur as to experience, but a bright and promising actress withal. Now, however, the management has quarrelled with Miss Fenton and have

charged her with wearing an "indecent" costume while enacting Julia in *The Rivals*. Mrs. F. declares that the management "passed" the dress at first and strongly approved of it. When Miss F. (who, when she made her debut a year or two ago, startled all and sundry by playing Portia in tights)—when she, I say, refused to remove the alleged "indecent" dress, they cut all her scenes out of the play until the tag. I suppose the Conway combination have really another leading lady in their eye and that this is their way of giving the artless Angela notice. It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands, but I don't suppose it will stand in its present state long.

In addition to the French pieces which I told you last week had been bought by Manager Edouin for the Royalty, I have to add Albin Valabrique's *Les Vacances de Mariage*. Also I have to tell you that it is proposed to change the title of *Will o' the Wisp* (which Edouin contemplated producing) to *Ivy*.

Your Clay M. Greene's new drama, *Hans the Boatman*, was successfully produced at Sheffield last week by your Charles "Tony" Arnold and Co.

Last week I had to tell you the sorrowful news of poor Ernest Warren's death. This week I have to chronicle the death of young Lytton Sothorn, eldest son of "Dundreary" Sothorn, and well known to Americans. Young Sothorn was playing the leading juveniles in Ernest Warren's adaptation, *Modern Wives*, at the Royalty. Last Monday week he fell ill of peritonitis, and he died on Friday morning at the early age of thirty-one. Some have said that he had been privately married to Agnes Hewitt (who was with him in his last hours), but this seems to be doubtful. One thing is certain—the poor fellow doted on her. Willie Edouin and his clever little wife were very kind to poor Sothorn throughout his terrible illness.

The libel case which Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merivale brought against Charles L. Carson, editor of the *Stage* the other day, seems likely to come on all over again. Mr. and Mrs. H., you know, objected to a severe analytical criticism which the *Stage*, had published, of their drama, *The Whip Hand*, and they gained one shilling damages. Though why they should have had damages at all, and why the *Stage* was cast in costs, is one of those things which no fellow can understand. If this is to be regarded as a precedent, the dramatic critic's lot, like that of the policeman, will be anything but a happy one. Therefore don't be surprised, Mr. MIRROR, if for criticizing some play you should be sent to the Tombs. If you should be you may count upon the sympathy of your friend GAWAIN.

Professional Doings.

—Madison, Wis., is to have a new \$30,000 opera-house.
—Manager Fleischmann, of Philadelphia, is in town Tuesday.
—E. P. Myerson is promoting a Summer amusement scheme for the South.
—Robert J. Hickey says he will be in Frank Daniels' comedy, *THEY ARE ALL HERE*.
—Bella Moore, who has been obscured for some time, is about to take another inning.
—Elliott Elizer takes a rest of a few days before opening in New Orleans on April 11.
—Gertrude Nora, an English singer, has joined the Golden Opera company as prima donna.
—Doré Davidson and Ramie Austen have left Thorne's Black Flag company and returned to New York.
—By a special dispensation from Columbus Lodge, J. H. Palmieri has become a member of the Toledo Elks.
—It is announced that Hubert Heuck, of Cincinnati, has bought ground in Birmingham, Ala., for the erection of a theatre.
—Harry W. Sewall, Mrs. Bowers' business manager, is suffering severely from a heart trouble. He is much pulled down in flesh.
—Blanche Vaughan is at liberty for singing and acting. Miss Vaughan is a proficient banjoist and makes the instrument a specialty.
—Edward A. Stevens has a slight attack of pneumonia. Dave Hayman is temporarily filling his place ahead of the Held by the Enemy company.
—A select light entertainment, refined vaudeville preferred, is wanted for the large hall of the Exposition, St. Louis, for a benefit one night early in May.
—Minnie Maddern opens in Denver on May 5, on her way from California. In Denver she will try her new comedy, *CHRISPY*, written by Howard P. Taylor.
—On Tuesday night E. H. Kilmer closed an engagement in San Antonio, Tex., with a benefit for Ernest Kiche, manager of the Grand Opera House. The theatre was packed.
—Handsome souvenirs were given out on Friday last at the Holyoke Opera House, the occasion being the ninth anniversary of its opening. Mme. Janssuech in *Meg Merrilies* was the attraction.
—Matthew Louisa, a lad nine years old, fell from the flies to the stage during a performance of the *Parlor Match* in Jackson, Mich., on Monday night, and was almost instantly killed.
—A new Opera House at Titusville, Pa., to take the place of the one burned recently, is an assured fact. The \$150,000 has been subscribed, and work will begin as soon as Manager Lake selects the site.
—The Assembly Opera House at Jackson, Mich., has been decided to sell it on mortgage next month. So writes Irving B. Kich, secretary of the Board of Directors.
—Grace Hawthorne controls rights to *The Golden Band*, by Henry Herman and the Rev. Freeman Willis; Paul and Virginia and *Lesbia*, by Richard Dwyer; *The Two Sisters*, by Ernest Cuthbert; and *A Royal Divorce*, by John G. Wilson, co-author of *Nordeck*.
—George O. Morris and J. Z. Little have become proprietors of the Standard Theatre, Chicago, and will conduct it as a regular-price house. Bookings are being made for next season with first-class attractions only. The following dates are open this Spring: April 17 and 24 and May 1, 8 and 15.
—Sallie Price has taken Annie Lewis' place in Charles E. Verrier's *Shamus O'Brien* company. Miss Price recently tried a starring tour in a No. 9 Muggle Land company, but the venture was not a success. "No. 9" companies seldom are. Miss Price is doing excellent work in *Shamus O'Brien*. She is young, pretty and talented.
—Walter Pelton died in San Antonio, Texas, on the 16th inst. of consumption. He was a member of the Hanlon's Fantasma company, and had been connected with it for three years. The Hanlon Brothers took care of him for some weeks previous to his death, and did everything possible to avert the end.

The London *Dramatic Review* says of W. W. Kelly, the bustling American manager, broad in the great metropolitan "By the way, M. Grace Hawthorne possesses a jewel in the shape of a manager. This is genuine young gentleness. I have never seen him, but believe he is a good fellow in extracting more gratuitous advertisement from the London press than any manager of the present day."

—At Gloversville, N. Y., one night last week, Beatrice Lieb appeared in her new play, *Infatuation*, to a packed house. So enthusiastic was the audience that she not only received four calls before the curtain, but many remained in the lobby of the theatre and cheered her as she passed through to her hotel. Miss Lieb is in Baltimore this week and in Brooklyn next week. A number of city managers and critics have expressed their intention of seeing over and seeing the new play and star.

—In the latter part of last week the daily press began to discuss the why and wherefore of Robert Grau's imprisonment in a Canadian jail. The whole story appeared in *The Mirror* a month ago, under the heading "Forlorn Maid of Belleville." Some of the papers printed the same Maurice Grau, causing that gentleman (Sarah Bernhardt's business manager) much annoyance. There are Graus and Graus, but none of the Graus appear to be moving the earth in an effort to release Robert Grau from the doleful keep in Canada, where he has now languished a full month.

—George B. Bunnell, the enterprising manager, no sooner loses one theatre by fire than he leases another that has been "hanging fire" for some time—that is, as to management. He has leased Carill's Opera House, New Haven, for a term of years. This is the finest theatre in New England outside of Boston, and Manager Bunnell is to be congratulated on his acquisition. During the summer the house will be overhauled and refurnished and decorated, and next season the best attractions will be booked. Years ago Mr. Bunnell was one of P. T. Barnum's trusted lieutenants. He later branched out as the pioneer of big museum enterprises, and now comes to the front as an ambitious and successful manager in the field of the drama.

—Minnie Maddern achieved a genuine success at the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco, where she has been playing in *Caprice*. The severest of Frisco critics, it is noted, have treated her most generously and *Caprice* was continued a second week to crowded houses. Miss Maddern opened her engagement against two of the strongest attractions, Booth and East, but nevertheless she never played to a bad house. During the entire three weeks the Alcazar (which holds over a thousand people) has been well filled and crowded at every performance. The newspapers now call the little actress a "Frisco favorite," and arrangements are being made to have her return again next season for an extended term. Miss Maddern will play three weeks in the surrounding California cities, returning East about June 10. During the season three new plays will be produced: *Mila*, by Leopold Sapiezka and Henri Crisjill, procured for Miss Maddern by the Franco-American Agency; a comedy entitled *Miss Rebecca*, in which she will appear as an eccentric Jewish maiden and Howard P. Taylor's latest work, *Chrispy*, another comedy written especially for her.

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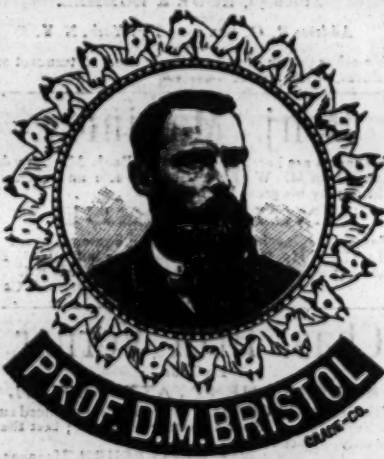
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